

THE RCM MAGAZINE



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CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIAL	3
DIRECTOR'S OPENING ADDRESS—CHRISTMAS TERM, 1908	5
FRANCESCA	10
THE R.C.M. UNION	12
COLLEGE CONCERTS	14
THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF MUSIC FROM WITHIN— THE R.C.M. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY—THOMAS F. DUNHILL	17
THE ROYAL COLLEGIAN ABROAD	21
A RETROSPECT—HELEN BOYD	26
SUNSHINE AFTER RAIN	29
REVIEWS	30
HOW TO PLAY THE PIANO—E. DOUGLAS TAYLER	31
THE TERM'S AWARDS	35
THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE	36
DATES FOR 1909	36

THE R.C.M. MAGAZINE

*A Journal for PAST &
PRESENT STUDENTS and
FRIENDS of THE ROYAL COLLEGE
OF MUSIC, and Official Organ
of THE R.C.M. UNION..*

'The Letter killeth, but the Spirit giveth Life.'

Editorial

" 'Tis time

*New hopes should animate the world, new light
Should dawn from new revealings to a race
Weighed down so long, forgotten so long : so shall
The heaven reserved for us, at last receive
Creatures whom no unwonted splendours blind
But ardent to confront the unclouded blaze
Whose beams not seldom blest their pilgrimage
Not seldom glorified their life below "*—BROWNING.

The Economics of the Musical World, the relation of supply to demand in the realm of music and musicians, is not a question with which politicians and statisticians have particularly concerned themselves. We have not made application for information to any statistical bureau, so it would be unwise to assert that the subject has been entirely neglected by the latter class of caterers for the food supply of the public imagination. This may be said however, it is a question which must have concerned those who pass under the general description of the name Musician ever since the first moment when music in any form could be regarded as a marketable commodity. It is remarkable that in our own day it takes a certain amount of reflection to make us realise that a very short time ago Music practically depended for its existence upon patronage. It is not now so ; unless, indeed, we regard the purchaser of any marketable commodity as a patron. It is still customary to speak of supporters of Art generally as patrons, but within the present generation a phenomenal change has come over the conditions of the music market, and the function of the patron is not, happily, the same essential as formerly to the existence of those who cater for the, even now hardly defined, need of the human organism for an adequate medium of emotional expression.

The reality of this need gives the key to the Economic situation. Until the cry of the human heart for the new mode of expression became a need absolute, music itself was held in the background, and economic development was fundamentally impossible.

To a large extent, concealment, under the Handelian shroud, of the potentiality of music as a means of national expression, must be admitted to have operated as a potent deterrent in our own country ; and in the light of recent musical progress in England, this theory gains ground. But the astounding rise of English composers in the last few decades, particularly the last, must be indicative of some vast change in the national cosmism, and it is impossible to assign such a metamorphosis entirely to the agency of musicians in overcoming a popular prejudice, gratifying as that would be. Still less is it possible to assign this reinforcement of composers to the enucleation of British music as a distinct phase of art. We are immediately confronted with the Economic side of the question, and virtually we are bound to admit that if the British listening public had been unwilling to follow the amplification of music as a means of expression, it would have been impossible for musical development to have advanced to its present position in this country.

Need is the key : the need of the people, undefined, may be, but lively and poignant. Maurice Maeterlinck has said that it is only by the communications we have with the infinite, that we are to be distinguished from each other. The reflection casts a light of explanation upon this latter day augmentation of a national need for expression. There is to-day a whole-souled striving after the Infinite ; each one strives in his own way and is no longer content that his spiritual aspirations should be governed by categorical maxims. Concurrently there has arisen the demand for an elusory means of expression which each may differentiate personally.

It may be that not all musicians would endorse the inference, though we do not believe it to be characteristic of the musician to regard musical development as wholly connate, or mainly subjective. Whatever may be the truth on this point, it is typical of our insularity that the creation of a national means of expression should have been compelled to await an internal renaissance. But at last the attitude of England to the work of Britain's musicians is one of attentiveness and expectation.

Possibly, after all, the full flower from the frozen bulb has not lost any of its fragrance from the long delay in its germination, and time may have even made more perfect the bloom which has at all events opened in an atmosphere of appreciation.

Miss Eaton asks us to make known to all Past and Present Students of Alexandra House who subscribed to the Testimonial to Miss Hardinge, that the total sum reached £425. Miss Hardinge herself, we understand, wishes also to avail herself of this opportunity of expressing her thanks, and intends, as soon as possible, to communicate personally with each subscriber.

The Director's Opening Address

CHRISTMAS TERM, 1908

"What comfort, what strength, what economy there is in order—material order, intellectual order, moral order. . . . to have everything ready under one's hand, to be able to dispose of all one's forces, and to have all one's means, of whatever kind, under command."—AMIEL.

There's nothing so tiresome as preaching. But I find, I remember, that last term I advised, in the recklessness of the moment, rebellion rather than slavery. So perhaps it will be better this time to qualify it a little, and I had better say something of the beauty of order. I daresay most of you don't care much about orderliness—it sounds so smug; you are too young, and the indulgence of impulses is infinitely more to your taste. But you will find, if ever you arrive at years of discretion (which is, of course, doubtful!) that there are two sides to every question. There is nothing more essential in the pursuit of Art than impulse, except order. The beauty of order is that there is so much more room for things. If you have twenty letters by post of a morning, and open them, and throw them all down helter-skelter on the table, they look perfectly awful—it looks as if it would be best to put them in the waste paper basket at once, and not try to answer them. But if you put them in a few piles, in accordance with the nature of their contents, they look ever so much smaller, and you don't despair of answering them all. Now one of the first objects of life is to get as much into it as you can. When you get old enough to look back a little, you will get a bit worried not to have done some things that were worth doing, and it's always well to remember we each have a little spell to get things done, and we don't get the chance to get them done again. The older you get, the shorter you will find your one chance; and the only way to pack life as full as it will hold is to put its contents into some sort

of order. But there isn't any order that does for everyone, and every one has to find the order that suits his disposition best—and that's where the room comes for your impulses and queernesses.

No one is good for much who hasn't something different about him from other people, and who doesn't make the best of the chances life affords him. The best that any man does he must do for himself. The best masters in the world can only show you how to use your own aptitudes—they can stuff you as full of learning as a human animal can hold, but if you can't use it, you are no better off than a cook with a larder full of raw materials, who can't even make a suet pudding. That's why I preach rebellion. It's no use only doing what you are told—I would much rather you did what you were told not, than go on repeating what people tell you like a paltry parrot.

But you can even do what you are told not to do in an orderly manner. It's getting square things mixed up with round things, and long things all at angles with one another that does the mischief—they all get in one another's way. It resolves itself, somehow, into the familiar saying, whatever you find to do, do it with all your might. And even that wants qualifying—for it's as well before you try to do anything with all your might, to make sure it's worth doing at all. Most of you have made up your minds that one thing is worth doing, and that is developing your musical abilities ; and having so made up your mind saves a lot of trouble. You haven't to go fooling around like unfortunate young members of the over-prosperous class, not quite sure whether it's best to loaf round to see what somebody else is doing, or whether you had better go out and kill something, or whether you will go to a race meeting, or go and play golf, or smoke a cigarette, or do something else—read a magazine, or practice diabolo, or call on your tailor. At least you have got something definite to do, and the better you do it the happier you are. And you know quite well that if you want to do it well you have got to get some sort of order into your ways of doing it. Of course you are helped here, to a certain extent, by the way your lessons are regularly timed, so that the ground plan of general order is already plotted out for you ; and the way people come up to time at the College is, taking it all round, very wholesome.

But it's the other kind of order—the order that is in your own hands—that is difficult ; getting things so spaced out that they don't get in one another's way. Some people (of course, not College people !) when they find something that gives them trouble, haven't backbone enough to stick to it, and go slithering off to something else ; and once begun, the process of letting things slide goes on getting worse and worse ; and, when they arrive at years which are called those of discretion, they find they have just been doing nothing, and that life has become a jumble, and they begin to hope that Heaven will make up for the muddle they have made of their chances on earth.

Now you would like me to tell you how to get order into the things you want to do, and I can't. No doubt you think you are all alike, but you aren't, and I would much rather you weren't. You have got to find out for yourselves ; what applies to you doesn't apply to another. If I were to say you can't play the pianoforte fit to play to anyone unless you practice your scales, most of you would say, '*we do—we do*' ; and then I should have to remember that many of you play Beethoven and Mozart, and Brahms and Schumann, and even Bach, just as you play your scales—and I should be sorry I spoke. The fact is that the dear good people who play their scales and their exercises, are just those who, by temperament and feeling, will find it most difficult to play anything else. While those who feel music deeply, and are passionately eager to get to the works they can enjoy, haven't the patience to develop their technique. If I say—go and do what your masters tell you, you might say you always do, and then I should have to remember that that is just the way to get stupid. You have got to understand what your master tells you to do, in order to do it your own way. If you don't do it your own way, you must be doing it like someone else, and then it's little better than making things by machinery. You've got to find out, each one, what is the best way to do things with the particular qualities you have got, and order things accordingly.

Every man's order must be his own order, in the end, and there are three simple things to keep in mind ; first, that what he does is worth doing ; and second, that when he's doing it he does it with all his might, and doesn't let vagrant impulses distract him and have one thing getting

in the way of another ; and third, that it's of use to someone else besides himself.

Of course, while you are very young, it's useful to be saved all the bother of thinking by having your work cut out for you, and not having to worry about the object of what you do ; and there the College spirit comes in. Where everybody has the feeling that what he does is a credit to the College, the inspiration of local patriotism is a fine spur—and then there is competition and examination, and pleasing your pastors and pastresses ; all of which is helpful. But, unfortunately, we are not all so very young, and some are old enough to think ; and when you are old enough to think, you are also old enough to think wrong. And the way not to think wrong is to think in some sort of order ; a confused state of wild incoherent impulses only leaves you sitting in a quagmire. All the same, it's better to think wrong than not to think at all—if you think wrong hard enough, you will most likely fall over something, and then you'll find it out, and if you've got any sense, you'll see you've been thinking wrong, and try another line.

You know the delightful saying that people who don't make mistakes don't make anything—we are not likely to forget that there are such things as fatal mistakes. But the spirit of a place like the College will prevent College people making these sorts of mistakes. The mistakes College people may make are those which show a lot of spirit and energy, and they just serve to let them know when they have broken their shins over something, and had better try another way of going. When you are in the humour to think a bit, you will find a sort of universal order—you can't attain any good thing without keeping your eye on its opposite. Every good thing has in itself the roots of badness and barrenness ; too much order merely results in mechanical lifelessness.

As I have said before, it is essential in Art for human beings to express themselves—to see things for themselves—to present their art or their thoughts to their fellow-men in terms of their own personalities. But if, while you are trying to think for yourselves, you don't keep your eye on what other people are thinking, and what is due to a place like the College, you'll get steering wild, and there will be a smash-up. Similarly, if you are trying to develop your technique in order to overcome difficulties

or physical deficiencies, if you don't keep your eye on the larger sides of art—the things which really are music—there's a chance your appreciations will get dulled and stupefied.

The same with the necessity of getting hold of the colossal amount of detail there is to learn about the bulk of Art itself—the necessity for pianoforte people to know all the readings of the greatest works of Art, and for the singers to know how to interpret thousands of vocal pieces of all sorts ; it's very fine to know all about it, but while you are getting to know all about it, you may be losing sight of all that is most of value in connection with it—your own capacity to appreciate it yourself. While you are trying to master everything there is to know, it's just possible you may come to be no better than a registering automaton. It's the lack of consciousness of this that makes fashion sway about so violently. Thirty years ago, a man who dared to say he appreciated Wagner was loaded with imprecations by the ultra Classicists, who were then the fashion. Now it's the other way round, and a man who will not go the whole hog in manifesting enthusiasm for orgies of mere reckless extravagance becomes the butt of all the self-constituted champions of progress in Art. Classicism is good—quite good—but it's easy to make it a mere bore if you don't really understand it ; and poetic fervour is good, but it easily degenerates into hysterics and spluttering incoherence. Somehow we have got to balance the opposite extremes. Classicism wants the infusion of human appreciation, the power to see through the formalities to the thing that appeals as human art.

So also the poetic fervour ; we really can't do without it, but it has to be kept in touch with realities. It's got to be somehow kept in order—and things are kept in order by fitting them in with the things that are outside them. Just so the development of your own selves, which is so essential to your life being good for anything, can be kept in order by your keeping your eyes open to what is going on outside you.

The self is a very poor, futile, mean circumference. Spread it out, and join it on to the rest of the world, and make it expand its power by the consonance of its energy with all that is going on around it, and there's a fine chance of making life worth living.

Francesca

*" But if a deed not tamely to be borne,
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a power, so loud,
The storms of Music shakes the astonished crowd."*—COWPER.

The College Opera of this year was an occasion of perhaps even greater interest than usual, for it was the first introduction to an English audience of Hermann Goetz's ' Francesca ' ; and certainly the English audience received the work with great interest and enthusiasm, whether this was due to the composition itself, or to the really excellent performance of it which was given.

The libretto of the opera is founded on the well-known story of Francesca da Rimini, but it varies in some important respects from the account given by Dante in the 5th Canto of the Inferno. All the most famous part of the story—the meeting of the two lovers in the garden, and their discovery and the declaration of their love—has taken place long before the curtain rises, and the first act opens on the anniversary of Francesca's marriage to Lanciotto, Paolo having been reported slain in battle. Then, upon his sudden return from the war, Francesca struggles bravely against her love for him, first refusing to receive him, and finally attempting to arrange a marriage between him and his cousin Diana ; but all is of no avail, and she is killed by her husband at the moment of her final parting from Paolo.

The music leaves one, perhaps, with the impression of inadequacy ; it never seems to rise to the height of the tragic situation, though it is always effectively written, and certainly the interest accumulates throughout the work, the first act being decidedly the least interesting of the three. There are some very successful *ensembles*, in the pre-Wagnerian style, and each act opens with an orchestral introduction.

The College Orchestra played most admirably, under the direction of Sir Charles Stanford, and the excellent singing and acting of the chorus gained great praise. The very graceful and charming dance in the first act was the evident result of careful and successful training.

The Francesca of Miss Viola Tree was a most dignified and convincing piece of acting, and the greatly increased power of her voice was well

attested by the admirable way in which she sustained and even heightened the interest all through her arduous and exacting part. Miss Jean Fyans gave a wonderfully attractive presentation of Diana, the little cousin, whose fresh gaiety supplies the needed relief from the tragedy, and whose long-concealed adoration of Paolo gives her a pathetic influence upon the development of the story. Her beautiful ballad in the third act was charmingly sung, and her manifest dramatic instinct was a great delight. Mr Birrell made a serious and dignified Guido, his fine voice being admirably suited to his music; and Mr Ireland was a thoroughly commendable Lanciotto. Mr Frank Webster was suffering from a heavy cold, but in spite of this difficulty, he rose to the occasion, especially in Act II., when both his singing and his acting were at their best. The part of the Steward was played by Mr George Baker with great success and humour.

But no account of the opera could be a fair or truthful one if it were restricted to the enumeration of individual excellences. The most striking feature of the performance was its success as a complete whole; that absolute smoothness and absence of any jarring or mistaken incident, which can only be the result of patient and untiring attention to every smallest detail on the part of managers and performers alike.

His Majesty's Theatre, kindly lent by Mr Tree, was well filled with an enthusiastic audience, a large part of which had the air of being 'in the family'; and the principals, the conductor, and the stage director were received with great acclamation at the end of the performance.

The cast is subjoined:—

Dramatis Personæ

LANCIOTTO MALATESTA (Prince of Rimini) ..	JOSEPH IRELAND	(Exhibitioner)
FRANCESCA (his Wife)	VIOLA TREE	(Student)
GUIDO DA POLENTA	JOHN W. BIRRELL	(Student)
(Prince of Ravenna; Francesca's Father)		
PAOLO (Lanciotto's Brother)	FRANK WEBSTER	(Scholar)
DIANA (Cousin to the Malatestas; friend to Francesca) ..	JEAN FYANS	(Exhibitioner)
PIETRO (Steward of Lanciotto's Castle) ..	GEORGE BAKER	(Scholar)

Understudies

KATHERINE VINCENT (Student)	PATIENCE SEYMOUR (Student)
DORIS SIMPSON (Scholar)	

Chorus of Retainers, Nobles, etc.

MISSSES ARNELL, BERKOWITZ, BROWN, BYRON, CASSELS, DEW, ELLIOTT, EVEREST, FRANKLIN, FANING, LADY CONSTANCE FOLJAMBE, MISSSES GOODCHILD, GROVES, HILL,

HISLOP, HYAUIASON, JACKSON, LEITCH, LYALL, MARCHAND, ORLEBAR, PEACHEY, PIERPOINT, RHIND, RICHARDSON, RHEAD, SALE, SIMPSON, WILLIAMSON, WILSON, WOOD.

MESSRS BODDY, BOURNE, COURT, CROOK, DERRICK, DUMAYNE, HANDEL, HEADSWORTH, HENRY, JONES, KING, LEWIS, NORTH, TRESILIAN, WILLIS, WINGROVE.

Dance

MISSSES ANDERSON, BOND-ANDREWS, BUSWELL, CADWELL, COOMBS, DIMOCK, GEACH, GREGORY, HARRIS, JAMESON, LEWTHWAITE, LOWENSTEIN, PEARSON, SIDNEY, STEWART, WIGMORE.

Conductor:

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., M.A., Mus. Doc.

The R.C.M. Union

*" I awoke this morning with devout thanksgiving for my friends,
the old and the new "—EMERSON.*

ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING AND DINNER

The Annual General Meeting will be the first Union event of the term, and will be held at the College, on Thursday, January 14, in the Concert Hall. The usual arrangement of tea, coffee, and conversation at 4 o'clock, and the Business Meeting at 5 p.m., will be adhered to, but a new departure will be made subsequent to the Meeting, for the First Annual Dinner will take place that evening, at the Criterion, Piccadilly Circus, W., at 7.30 for 8 p.m. The price of dinner tickets will be 5/- each, and every member is entitled to bring one guest. Evening dress will be optional. Full particulars of these arrangements having been already sent to members, a detailed description is not needed here, but any members who are desirous of obtaining further information, can do so on application to the Hon. Secretaries. *Members are requested with great earnestness to bring their invitation cards and dinner tickets with them to the two functions, as otherwise much delay may be occasioned.*

MUSICAL EVENINGS AT MEMBERS' HOUSES

Two Musical Evenings were held during the past term. The first took place on Monday, November 9, at St. James's Rectory, Piccadilly, W., by kind invitation of Miss Gertrude McCormick, when the programme was as follows:—

'CELLO SOLOS	a. La Fileuse	Dunkler
			b. Dirge	E. Uhlhorn Zillhardt
MISS ETHEL UHLHORN ZILLHARDT								

SONGS	a. Seit ich ihn gesehen	Schumann
	b. Du Ring an meinem Finger	"
	c. Waldesgespräch	"

MISS BLANCHE HOOPER

ACCOMPANIST—MISS CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE

' MOSAIC ' FOR CLARINET AND PIANO	R. H. Walthew
---	---------------

MR R. H. WALTHER AND MR HAYDN DRAPER

SONGS	a. A Voice by the Cedar Tree	A. Somervell
	b. Birds in the high Hall garden	"
	c. Come into the garden, Maud	"

MR GEORGE BAKER

ACCOMPANIST—MR WALTER BUTLER

The second party was given on Monday, December 14, at the United Arts Club, 10 St. James's Street, W., by kind invitation of Miss Gwendolen Allport, the programme being as follows :—

SONATA in G minor, FOR TWO VIOLINS AND PIANO	Handel
--	--------

MR ARTHUR BENT, MISS MARGARET WISHART, MR HENRY R. BIRD.

SONGS	a. Der Gärtner	Hugo Wolf
	b. Gruppe aus dem Tartarus	Schubert

MR ALBERT GARCIA

PIANOFORTE SOLOS	Impromptu in G, Op. 90	Schubert
	Romance, Op. 28, No. 1	Schumann

MR HENRY R. BIRD

VIOLIN SOLOS	Arioso, La Légère,	J. H. Fiocco
	Allegro	

MR ARTHUR BENT

SONGS	a. Too Late	Ivor Atkins
	b. When Childher Plays	H. Walford Davies
	c. Why so Pale and Wan	C. H. H. Parry
	d. Grapes	" "

MR ALBERT GARCIA

ACCOMPANIST—MR W. H. HARRIS

The programme received two welcome additions, as Mr Albert Garcia was encored in the song ' When Childher Plays, ' and Mr Henry R. Bird very kindly consented to play again, in response to a general request.

LIST OF MEMBERS

The Annual List of Members' names and addresses will be published during the Easter term, and the Hon. Secretaries will be extremely glad if Members will notify them of all changes of address at the earliest opportunity, in order to ensure the List being as accurate as possible.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTIONS

The Hon. Secretaries will be very glad if those Members who have not already paid their subscriptions for the current year will kindly do so

at their earliest convenience, as the annual subscription became due in November. The amount is :—

(a) For persons actually pupils in the College, and for two years after they shall have ceased to be pupils, 3/-

(b) For all other persons, 5/-

MARION M. SCOTT,

A. BEATRIX DARNELL.

Hon. Secretaries.

College Concerts

*" Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly ?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lo'gst thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy ? "—SHAKESPEARE*

October 22 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in C minor, op. 51, No. 1 *Brahms*
MARJORIE BEER, A.R.C.M., PHILIP LEVINE (Scholar),
FRANK BRIDGE, FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
2. SONGS
a. Morning Hymn *G. Henschel*
b. Attente *Wagner*
IRENE ROBINSON (Scholar).
3. SONATA for Violoncello, No. 6, in A major *Boccherini*
FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
4. SONGS
a. Klage *Brahms*
b. Ständchen
VIOLA TREE.
5. SONATA for Piano & Violin, in A major, op. 47 (*Kreutzer*) *Beethoven*
GIULIETTA MOTTO (Scholar), MARJORIE ADAM (Scholar).
6. SONGS
a. Il mio bel foco *Marcello*
b. Nel cor più non mi sento *Paisiello*
FLORENCE TAYLOR (Exhibitioner).
7. ORGAN SOLO Fantasia & Fugue, in F sharp minor, op. 21 *Th. Bubeck*
ALICE M. IBBETSON, A.R.C.M.

ACCOMPANISTS—

IOAN POWELL (Scholar), HERBERT A. SMITH, A.R.C.M.,
ELLEN TUCKFIELD (Scholar).

November 11 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in G major, op. 18, No. 2 *Beethoven*
THOMAS PEATFIELD (Scholar), AMY K. RYDINGS, A.R.C.M.,
SVBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M., CEDRIC SHARPE (Scholar).

2. SONGS *a. Das Rosenband* *R. Strauss*
b. Heimliche Aufforderung
DORA ARNELL, A.R.C.M.
3. DUO CONCERTANT for Piano and Clarinet, in E flat *Weber*
IOAN POWELL (Scholar), CLIFFORD FOSTER (Scholar.)
4. AIR *Dein bin ich (Re Pastore)* *Mozart*
ETHEL RICHARDSON.
Violin Obbligato—MARJORIE K. BERR, A.R.C.M.
5. PIANO SOLO .. *Rhapsody in G minor* *E. Dohnanyi*
A. E. OUSELEY NORMAN (Scholar.)
6. SONGS .. *a. When I am Dead, my Dearest* *S. Coleridge-Taylor*
b. Unmindful of the Roses
MARJORIE HOPCRAFT.
7. QUARTET for Piano and Strings, in A major, op. 26 *Brahms*
WILLIAM MURDOCH (Scholar), ESTHER CAPEL-CURE, A.R.C.M.,
SYBIL MATURIN, A.R.C.M., FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).

ACCOMPANISTS—

ALICE COTTON, A.R.C.M. CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE,
ELLEN TUCKFIELD (Scholar).

November 19 (Orchestral)

1. OVERTURE *Hamlet, op. 4 (1852)* *Joachim*
(First Performance in England).
2. AIR *Love in her Eyes (Acis)* *Handel*
IVOR WALTERS (Scholar).
3. VIOLONCELLO SOLO .. *Waldesruhe* *Dvořák*
FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
4. CONCERTO for Piano & Orchestra, in A minor, op. 54 *Schumann*
WINIFRED GARDINER (Scholar).
5. SONG *La Procession* *César Franck*
JEAN FYANS (Exhibitioner).
6. SYMPHONY, No. 2, in G minor *A. von Ahn Carse*
(First Performance: conducted by the Composer).

(Recommended for performance by the Committee of the PATRON'S FUND.)

1. Allegro molto moderato, Allegro con brio. 2. Allegro vivo.
3. VARIATIONS: *a. Allegretto semplice. b. Andante moderato.*
c. Allegro con spirito. d. Allegretto grazioso. e. Molto moderato.
f. Allegro ma non troppo. g. Lento maestoso.
4. Molto Moderato, Allegro con spirito.

CONDUCTOR—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L., LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

November 26 (Chamber)

1. QUARTET FOR STRINGS, in D major *César Franck*
DOROTHY DE VIN (Scholar), SIDNEY BOSTOCK,
FRANK BRIDGE, FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
2. SONG *To the Lyre* *Schubert*
WILLIAM J. DODDS
3. VIOLONCELLO SOLO .. *Canzona* *Max Bruch*
ELLEN M. BARTLETT

4. SONGS *a. Romance* *C. Debussy*
b. Who is Sylvia *Schubert*
 MARY MELLOR
5. PIANOFORTE SOLO .. Prélude, Aria et Finale *César Franck*
 WILLIAM MURDOCK (Scholar).
6. SONGS *a. Wir wandelten* *Brahms*
b. My Garden holds a Blossom *C. Goldmark*
 S. GRAHAM BOYS
7. ORGAN SOLO Passacaglia from Sonata in F sharp minor *Max Reger*
 ERIC GRITTON, A.R.C.M. (Scholar).

ACCOMPANISTS—

ALICE COTTON, A.R.C.M. MARJORIE ADAM (Scholar).

December 10 (Orchestral)

1. OVERTURE *Melusine* *Mendelssohn*
2. SCENA *Ah! Perfido* *Beethoven*
 GLADYS HONEY (Scholar).
3. CONCERTO for Piano & Orchestra, No. 2, in C minor *Rachmaninoff*
 IOAN POWELL (Scholar).
4. ROMANCE AND BALLET AIR from 'Rosamunde' *Schubert*
a. Romance; DORIS SIMPSON (Scholar) A.R.C.M.
b. Andantino
5. SYMPHONY, No. 3, in E flat (*Rhenish*) *Schumann*

CONDUCTOR—

SIR CHARLES V. STANFORD, D.C.L. LL.D., M.A., Mus. Doc.

December 15 (Chamber)

1. SERENADE TRIO for Violin, Viola, and Violoncello, in D major, op. 8 *Beethoven*
 SIDNEY BOSTOCK, FRANK BRIDGE, FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
2. SONGS *a. Les Berceaux* *G. Fauré*
b. Sonntag *Brahms*
 ROSE FEILMANN
3. PIANO SOLO *Suite, op. 98* *Dvořák*
 ETHEL WHITESIDE (Cape Exhibitioner).
4. SONG *Die Loreley* *Liszt*
 ELSIE WEBB
5. TRIO for Organ, Violin and Violoncello, in A minor *Rheinberger*
 ADELAIDE E. PARKER (Exhibitioner), A.R.C.M.
 AMY K. RVDINGS, A.R.C.M. CEDRIC SHARPE (Scholar).
6. SONG *Le Nil* *X. Leroux*
 H. DILYS JONES
 Violoncello Obligato—FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).
7. QUARTET for Piano and Strings, in G minor, op. 25 *Brahms*
 ELLEN EDWARDS (Scholar), PHILIP LEVINE (Scholar),
 FRANK BRIDGE, FELIX SALMOND (Scholar).

ACCOMPANIST—CONSTANCE STOCKBRIDGE

The Royal College of Music from Within.

THE R.C.M. LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

*"And straightway
They brought back to the light of day
A volume old and brown."—LONGFELLOW*

When, some months ago, I was asked to contribute to these columns a few reminiscences of my student days at the College, I seemed unable, with sufficient readiness, to 'summon up remembrance of things past'. But memory is a strange thing: some trivial incident, some small discovery may seem, as it were, to suddenly touch a spring within one's mental storehouse, and set flowing a stream of recollections which have lain dormant for years.

I chanced one day to be turning out some old papers in a dusty cupboard, when I came across a bulky manuscript book in which were entered the rules, minutes, and general affairs of a little Literary and Debating Society, which was established in the College early in the year 1896, and flourished exceedingly for the space of some twelve months. For an unremembered reason it appears to have died a sudden death soon after its first birthday, for the final record in the book of a regular meeting is dated January 26, 1897, and I believe that there has since been no attempt to revive its glories, or to establish any similar institution within the walls of the College. Yet if there is the same wholesome and genuine enthusiasm amongst present Collegians for literature, and the literary aspects of our own art as undoubtedly existed amongst the coterie which met with such regularity in 1896, I see no reasons why the spark should not be re-kindled, and a similar society organised upon a firmer and more lasting basis. It is chiefly in the hope that this may be so that I shall attempt to set forth a short chronicle of our meetings of twelve years ago.

From the point of view of numbers, the list of members of our society was at no time a very imposing one, though I venture to think that it included the names of some of the choicest spirits that ever entered the left-hand doorway of the College. It was the strong desire of many of us that members should not be drawn exclusively from those who climbed the male pupils' staircase, but the proposal to

admit ladies was somewhat emphatically vetoed, I remember, by the powers that be ! In these days of Union meetings and 'At Homes' I feel convinced that greater tolerance would be extended to such a proposition.

The roll of membership during the first session included the following names, which were undoubtedly extremely representative ones :— Cecil Wybergh (chairman,) E. Howard Jones (secretary,) G. Von Holst, R. Vaughan-Williams, Willy Scott, Herbert Fryer, Sherwin, Carter, J. N. Ireland, Welch, Falkner, Collis, Beeching, Ridgeway, Sam Grimson, W. Kingdon, Fritz Hart, Martin Shaw, Percy Harmon, and J. St. A. Johnson. During the second session, which occupied the Summer term of 1896, we added to our list the well-remembered names of W. Y. Hurlstone, Nicholas Gatty, N. Ingleby, Leslie Peck, Elliott, Chuter, Ellingsford, E. C. Mercer, Percy Bright, and Edward Behr.

After a preliminary meeting for the purpose of formulating rules and regulations, the business of the society was begun in real earnest. It was decided that meetings should be held on Saturday afternoons, and on January 18, 1896, a goodly gathering assembled in order to take part in a reading of, and discussion upon Carlyle's 'Essay on Dante.' The two following Saturdays were devoted to Chopin and Purcell respectively, an essay on the former being read by Ridgeway, and on the latter by Vaughan-Williams, a debate following in each instance. On February 8, we had a reading of 'The Tempest,' with Howard Jones as Prospero, Cecil Wybergh as Caliban, and Willy Scott as Miranda. The following Saturday was devoted to miscellaneous readings, and on the 22nd of February we had a most fierce and animated discussion upon the motion, by Cecil Wybergh, 'That Arrangements (in Music) are Inartistic, and therefore Inadmissible.' The motion, it may be said, was lost by a very substantial majority. I suspect that the composers were too enamoured of piano-duet symphonies, and the pianists loved their Liszt so well that it had a very poor chance of obtaining much support ! On the 29th of February, Von Holst read a paper upon 'Bach's Organ Fugues,' on the 7th of March there was a reading of 'As You Like It,' and on March 14, a discussion upon Max Nordau's 'Degeneration'—a book which (now

almost forgotten) had created, at that time, a very considerable stir in artistic circles.

This closed the proceedings for the Easter term. It might have been expected that during the Summer the enthusiasm of the members would suffer some abatement. Not a bit of it! We met with the greatest regularity and had a very busy session. The proceedings of the new term were opened, most brilliantly, by an admirable paper by Vaughan-Williams on 'The Rise and Fall of the Romantic School'. This was followed by a reading of 'Julius Cæsar' (occupying two meetings), another of 'Othello', and papers from the present writer upon 'Mannerism in Music', and 'The Influence of English Literature on English Music', from Von Holst upon 'The Future of English Music', and from Howard Jones upon 'Shakespeare's Tragedies'.

The first meeting of the Christmas term brought forth two interesting papers by Vaughan-Williams and Von Holst respectively, upon 'Bayreuth' and 'Open-Air Music'. A debate on the motion by Vaughan-Williams 'That the Moderate Man is Contemptible' (which called forth many entertaining speeches on both sides) was held on the 15th of October, and other meetings included discussions on 'Piano-forte Music', 'The Socialism of William Morris', and 'The Philosophy of Schopenhauer'. There was also a reading of 'Cymbeline' and a debate upon the question 'Has Music reached its Zenith?'

The Easter term of 1897 began in rather a daring way. On the 12th of January we met to debate upon the motion of Von Holst 'That Academic Training should be Abolished'. Von Holst was, in those days, a red-hot revolutionist on almost every topic under the sun,—and that such a proposal should come from a scholar of the College, and be uttered within its walls, savoured almost of rebellion and anarchy! On referring to the minutes-book I am glad to place on record the fact that the motion was opposed by myself. I have no recollection of my participation in this meeting, but it is evident that my flow of eloquence must have been of a most telling and convincing description, for the proposal was negatived and condemned, Von Holst himself finding, at the conclusion, not a single hand raised in support of his motion! Thus was the Royal College mercifully saved from the danger of an organised revolution from

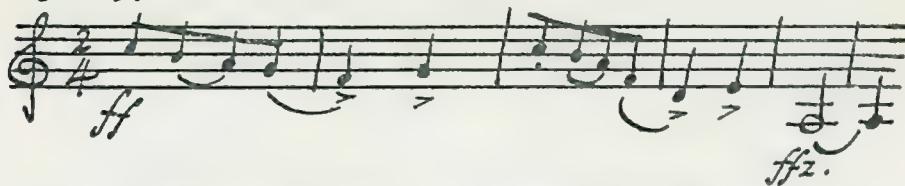
within! On January 19 Fritz Hart read a delightful paper upon 'Gilbert and his Comic Operas', and on January 26 we had a thoughtful and suggestive essay from Vaughan-Williams on 'Didactic Art'. This was the last meeting ever held. A full programme had been arranged for each week of the entire session, which was set forth in a syllabus issued at the beginning of the term, but for some reason, which I am unable to recall, the meetings came to this abrupt termination, and nothing further has been heard of the Literary Society to this day.

The foregoing is, of course, the barest record of the proceedings, but it will give the reader some idea of the catholicity of our tastes in those days. It is interesting to observe that three at least of our members have since attained distinction in literary spheres. Vaughan-Williams is, of course, well known as a lecturer, Collis is one of Mr Fuller Maitland's assistants on *The Times* staff, and Nicholas Gatty is responsible for the musical columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Membership was, I think, almost confined to those who held a broad view of art, and our Society did not seek to appeal to students who moved only in their own special grooves, and had no outside interests. Yet a mere glance at the list of names that I have given will serve to convince the reader that the many-sided interests of members proved no barrier to the attainment of high distinction in particular branches of music. Of the pianists two at least have obtained almost European celebrity, the composers have nearly all come prominently to the fore, and representatives of other subjects are known to be occupying important positions, and honourably upholding College traditions in many and various centres throughout the world. We met primarily to listen to earnest essays and to discuss topics of serious interest, but nevertheless there was a delightful spirit of *cameraderie* about the whole thing. I well remember that at the conclusion of each meeting it was the custom to march off in sections down the High Street and indulge in a huge feast of tea and buns at Wilkins,' where the discussions were not infrequently fully as enjoyable as those which were conducted with greater formality in Room 46. As we rose from our seats at the

conclusion of the meeting someone would almost invariably give the signal by singing, in a lusty voice:—

allegro giocoso.



Shall we go to Wilkins? Shall we go to Wilkins? YES!

Due regard was paid to the characteristic phrasing of the melody, and the vigorous *sforzando* of the final word was enforced by a mighty chorus from the whole assembly!

And so it happens that, to this hour, I never hear the third movement of Brahms' E minor Symphony without a smiling and tender recollection of our old Society, and the many friendships of my early College days.

THOMAS F. DUNHILL.

The Royal Collegian Abroad

"To act with a purpose is what raises man above the brutes, to invent with a purpose, to imitate with a purpose, is that which distinguishes genius from the petty artists who only invent to invent, imitate to imitate."—LESSING.

Miss Annie Kenwood is continuing her Subscription Chamber Concerts, at St. Leonards, this winter, and two very interesting programmes have already been given, on November 30, and December 21. At the first concert, Miss Kenwood was assisted by Miss Maud Branwell (Mrs Bernard Foyster), and Mr Ivor James; César Franck's Sonata in A, for violin and piano, and Brahms' Trio in C minor, Op. 101, being the principal works performed. The second concert was devoted to late 17th and 18th century music, and included Handel's Sonata in G minor, for two violins, a Suite of Bach's, for solo 'cello, Arne's Trio Sonata in E minor, and songs by Purcell and Arne. On this occasion the concert-giver was assisted by Dr Spear, Mr Herbert Kinze, Mr Ivor James, and Miss Dixon.

* * *

Mr Edward Mason's excellent choir has now entered upon its second season, and amongst the works put in rehearsal for this winter are 'The Blessed Damozel,' by Edgar L. Bainton, and 'The Skeleton in Armour,' by Rutland Boughton. The choir was formed during the past season with the object of producing, principally, new works by the younger composers, and won its initial laurels at a concert given in Queen's Hall, last April. Best wishes for all success to this admirable undertaking.

* * *

The musical part of the service at Bow Church, on December 9th, in connection with the Milton Tercentenary, was under the direction of Dr H. Walford Davies, and included Sir Hubert Parry's setting of 'Blest Pair of Syrens', a setting of the 'Ode

on 'Time', composed specially for this occasion by Dr Walford Davies, and a setting of Wordsworth's sonnet 'Milton, Thou should'st be Living at this Hour,' by Mr Gerald Bullivant, the organist of Bow Church.

* * *

Miss Helen Egerton gave a chamber concert at the Æolian Hall, on October 22, when Beethoven's Sonata in C minor, for piano and violin, Bach's Sonata in G minor, for violin alone, and Brahms' B major Trio, Op. 8, were included in the excellent programme, and she was assisted by Miss Maud Branwell (Mrs Bernard Foyster), Señor Rubio, and Mr Gervase Elwes.

* * *

Mainly through the friendly influence and support of Miss Allport, a concert given in Kensington Town Hall, on October 29, by Miss Florence Taylor, a promising singer, with the valuable assistance of Mr Gustave Garcia, Mr Walter Hyde, Miss Gladys Honey, Mr Ivor James, Mr Geo. Baker, and others, was most gratifying in its result, which was financially represented by a profit of between £40 and £50, which will be appropriated to the furtherance of Miss Taylor's musical education. The *furore* created by the spirited singing of 'Non più andrai' by Mr Garcia will have made the concert memorable to those who were fortunate enough to be present on one of these seldom re-emergences of so celebrated an exponent of Italian opera singing.

* * *

From Reading comes news of a most interesting concert on December 8, given by the Berkshire Symphony Orchestra, under the able conductorship of Mr W. H. Phelps. The programme included such important works as The Symphony in E minor, by Tschaiikowsky, the overture to the 'Flying Dutchman,' Introduction to the third act of 'Lohengrin,' by Wagner, and 'Finlandia,' by Sibelius. The concert is spoken of as the finest orchestral one that has been given in Reading for many a long day.

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During November and December, Miss May Fussell has given 'cello recitals in Salisbury, Hayward's Heath, Maidenhead, and Limsfield, and played at Chamber Concerts in Durham, Sherborne and Epsom.

* * *

Miss Maria Yelland has sung with much success at Portsmouth on various occasions, and an account reaches us of a concert at the Clarence Pier Pavilion, when her singing evoked great enthusiasm. Mr Ivor Foster also elicited much enthusiasm at the same concert by his fine singing.

* * *

The Scarborough Philharmonic Society gave Berlioz's 'Faust' at their second concert, on November 30, under the bâton of Dr Thomas Ely, and the *Yorkshire Post* speaks of the performance in the following terms:—

. . . . Dr Ely, who is a good conductor and a first-rate choir trainer, succeeded in giving an excellent all-round interpretation of the work. Perhaps something more might have been made of the strongly-coloured dramatic effects in which Berlioz delights. It is, however, obviously not very safe to attempt effects of virtuosity with an orchestra got together for the occasion, with whom no more than a single full rehearsal is possible. So that it was undoubtedly wise not to attempt more than a straightforward reading. This was, however, a highly satisfactory one, for the

orchestra, which plays so important a part in the work, was efficient in every department, and showed what an advance has been made of late years in the capacity of provincial orchestra players.'

It is interesting to note that this band included several Collegians, since Mrs Kirk, Miss E. F. Rose, Mr J. Cowper, and Mr J. Groves, all took part in the performance.

* * *

Mr Spencer Thomas and Mr George Baker appeared as the soloists at the concert of the Southport and Birkdale Philharmonic Society, given on October 21. The programme contained many items of especial interest to Collegians, notably 'The Pied Piper', by Sir Hubert Parry, and Choral Variations on Two Folk songs, by Rutland Boughton. As his solo, Mr Spencer Thomas sang Coleridge Taylor's 'Onaway', and Mr George Baker gave the second performance in England of Brewer's song 'England, my England', which was composed for the Worcester Festival of 1908.

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Miss Dorothy de Vin gave a successful Recital at Bechstein Hall, on the afternoon of December 8.

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Miss Elsie Foster has been actively engaged in teaching since her return from Canada, and we gather that besides holding classes for Voice Production, in Newcastle-on-Tyne and Sunderland, she now includes Darlington, also, in her sphere of activities.

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During the autumn, Mr James Friskin gave a couple of Recitals in Glasgow, and on December 14, he gave the first of a series of three concerts in conjunction with Mr Gervase Elwes, in London, at the Æolian Hall. Mr Friskin appeared in the dual capacity of pianist and composer, and the programme included a performance of his quintet in C minor, in which he was assisted by the English String Quartet. The concert was a conspicuous success, and the other concerts of the series promise to be no less delightful.

* * *

The Newcastle Musical Society gave their thirtieth Chamber Concert on December 10, and Mr Alfred Wall led performances of Cherubini's Quartet in E flat, and Borodin's Quartet in D, which had only been heard once before in Newcastle. Mr Wall played Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor as his solo, and the *Yorkshire Post* speaks very appreciatively of the concert.

* * *

An account reaches us of a performance of 'Iolanthe', at Northallerton, when Mr C. L. Hudson played the part of Strephon admirably, and acted as a most efficient stage manager and coach.

* * *

Mrs Kirk—known to Collegians in former years, as Miss Norah Rose—is untiring in her efforts to further the cause of good music, and has formed a flourishing string orchestra at Pickering, which is doing excellent work, and carrying on 'College' traditions. Nor is chamber music neglected in this neighbourhood, for accounts of various concerts reach us, two especially interesting ones being those given at

Pickering and Goathland, on August 18 and 21. The performers included several Collegians, in the persons of Mrs Kirk, Mr Cowper, and Mr J. Groves, and such important works as the Piano Quartet in G minor, by Mozart, Quartet in E flat, Op. 1, by Rabl, and Trio in C minor, by Beethoven, were given with much success.

* * *

Miss Lilian Butler gave an agreeable concert on October 22, at Wanstead, when she appeared both as a violinist and pianist; amongst those artistes who assisted her were Miss Gladys Honey, and Mr Ivor James.

* * *

Miss Audrey ffolkes gave a most successful concert at the 'King's Room,' Broadwoods, on December 9. She was joined by Mr Harold Samuel in Grieg's Sonata in G major, for violin and piano, and both in this and her solos by Tartini, Hurlstone, Wieniawski, etc., showed considerable taste and feeling. Mr Harold Samuel played, and Miss Ivy Sinclair sang, her contributions including a couple of interesting and clever songs by Frank Bridge, with viola obbligato—the viola part being played by Miss ffolkes, and the composer accompanying on the piano. Mr F. S. Thomson also sang.

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Miss Alice Elieson was engaged at the Palace Theatre for seven weeks, and sang two songs written and composed by herself. Another of her songs is in the course of publication.

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Mr R. Sterndale Bennett has been appointed to the chief Music Mastership at Uppingham School.

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On November 30, at Plymouth, Mrs Large (Miss Marguerite King) gave a pianoforte recital, concluding an almost world wide series, one of which, at Vancouver, we heard was a notable achievement. The programme at Plymouth contained a Scarlatti Sonata, a Rhapsodie (Op. 79, No. 1), and an Intermezzo in E flat, of Brahms', and the whole concert was most successful.

* * *

A real R.C.M. concert was given at Wellington, New Zealand, on October 27. The programme included Stanford's 'Revenge' and Dunhill's 'Tubal Cain' (conducted by the composer).

The chorus and orchestra of 250 performers is under the directions of Mr Robert Parker, an old Royal Collegian who is the principal musician in Wellington. The idea of an R.C.M. concert was born in his brain when he heard that Mr Dunhill was on the way out. Other participants in the programme, Miss Phoebe Parsons and Mr Peck, were both contemporaries at the Royal College with Mr Dunhill.

In writing, Mr Dunhill says the chorus was *splendid*, and there was a very large and tremendously enthusiastic audience.

* * *

We are glad to record that the first concert of British Chamber Music, given by the Marion Scott Quartet, on December 8, in the Æolian Hall, went off particularly well, the criticisms in the leading daily papers being full of praise, both for the programme and the performers. 'The Times' speaks of the quartet as 'an able

quartet.' The 'Daily Telegraph' says that the playing was 'crisp and clear, and the tone eminently pleasing.' The success is particularly commendable considering the fact that Miss Scott had just previously recovered from influenza and prolonged indisposition. The other members of the quartet are Mr Herbert Kinze, Miss Sybil Maturin, and Mr Ivor James.

Hurlstone's Phantasie Quartet in A minor, was performed in conjunction with Purcell's Fantazia in F, for strings, and later were given Stanford's Quartet (No. 4) in G minor, Op. 99, and Arne's Trio Sonata in E minor. We observe that 'The Daily Telegraph' characterises the former as Sir Chas. Stanford's latest quartet, but the Joachim Memorial Quartet in B flat, Op. 104, is later.

Both Miss Maria Yelland and Mr W. H. Harris earned praises for their part in the concert. Amongst Miss Yelland's contributions were songs by Sir Hubert Parry, Hurlstone, and Somervell. Mr Harris accompanied, and took the piano part in the Arne Sonata.

The next concert in the series of two, will be on Friday, January 29, 1909, when the Folk Song Quartet and Mr James Friskin will assist, with Mr Harold Darke at the piano.

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The Grimson Quartet gave a series of three concerts at St. James's Hall, on November 24, December 9, and December 16, which were distinguished alike for the interest of the works given, and the artistic beauty of their interpretation.

* * *

Miss Beatrice Foster gave a concert in Leicester, on October 23, assisted by other Royal Collegians, and judging from the report we have received, the success of the concert, musically, was great. Miss Foster's powers as a pianist were demonstrated in one of Bach's 48, and Liszt and Schumann. Beethoven's Violin Sonata, Op. 30, and Brahms' Trio in C minor, Op. 101, were also included in the programme. Miss Marjorie Beer, Miss Gladys Honey, and Mr Purcell Jones contributed a variety of solos. Miss Marjorie Beer's violin playing deserves special mention.

* * *

Mr Edward Behr sends us from Bombay a couple of programmes of Orchestral concerts held there in August and September. He says that one feature very encouraging and pleasant, was the presence in the audience of a large number of native ladies and gentlemen, who seemed to show great interest and attention to the music, and received it quite enthusiastically.

Mr Behr is trying hard to bring things up-to-date, and it was refreshing to see the names of Strauss, Debussy, Tchaikowsky, Elgar and Wagner on programmes in a country where advanced music is practically non-existent. It might be mentioned, however, that one programme contained an Indian Rhapsody for soprano and orchestra, composed by Mr G. A. Sullivan, an A.D.C. on the Governor's staff in Bombay. Mr Behr speaks most highly of the work, and wishes it could be heard in England. Mr Behr's ambition to produce the symphonies of Beethoven successively was dashed to the ground. He says, 'sickness came our way and two of my first violins were taken off to hospital for two months, and even death came, and took my first trumpet, and out here these cannot be readily replaced.' He wishes he could bridge the distance and hear a College Concert now and then, but sends all good wishes for the magazine and the R.C.M.

A Retrospect

*"Milestones on the wayside of my life: . . . I look back
in memory."*—R. L. STEVENSON.

I sit by the window of a cosy study and look out upon a cold, northern landscape, and shiver slightly as I hear the wailing lament of the cruel, biting wind among the tops of the beech-trees and see their gaunt bodies writhing in the terror of its tenacious clasp; while the dead leaves, not long ago so tenderly beautiful, are being driven demoniacally hither and thither and with indecent haste resolved into the dust they all-times were. Indeed the aspect would seem to be an inspiring one for the moralist, and a little sadly I avert my gaze from my sorrow-stricken Caledonia, and following a retrospective outlet of thought, am carried gradually far from the reality of things, down the sunny pathway of memory, to scenes of tropical luxuriance and passionate sunsets—scenes which mesmerise the senses and reduce the mind to a golden stratum of sub-consciousness. Shading my eyes, I look ahead; and there, like a pink pearl set in opalesque waters, I discern magic Samoa, and see the contour of its mountains melting in a haze of heat into the sunshine. I see the glinting little town of Apia, whose native huts, scattered irresponsibly here and there, form a picturesque contrast to their more civilised European neighbours; and overlooking the bay, there rises, in solemn significance, the densely wooded hill of Vaca, on whose summit sleeps the beloved Robert Louis Stevenson.

Truly the prospect bids the pulse beat quicker, as our good ship sails in silently to the harbour and drops anchor within a mile of the land; and the magnificent coffee-coloured natives presently throng round us in their little boats, and advise us strongly to come ashore and "See Samoa"! By way of promoting quick recognition in the future, these boatmen vie with each other in pointing out to us their individual, physical characteristics; but my guide—discontented above his order of uncivilisation—with the exquisite brevity of a genius, points to the absence of his left arm, and says, "lady no' forget that—Sammy!" Alas! he is quite right; I cannot forget it; no one ever could; and I am sure Sammy has every reason to thank the war that brought him this blessed deprivation! . . . Thus under the protection of his wing (the remaining one) we go ashore; and presently drive through long stately avenues of banana and

cocoanut-trees, which latter almost exclude the light of Heaven, as they tower majestically above us on either side ; and answer the soft voiced greeting of ' Talofa ' as a native passes noiselessly by, walking like a very Hercules, with head erect and shoulders firmly but easily set back. His gentle foot-fall makes no impress upon the unfathomable stillness of the forest, which, as we leave the grass-grown village behind, becomes ever darker and denser, and shrouds the mind in an atmosphere of enchanted expectancy. One low sustained bird-call seems only to accentuate the sense of inarticulate mystery that broods over all, and it is in vain that I seek for the songster. Ah ! it must surely have been a spirit—a flame-coloured messenger perchance, from a vivid, exotic world, breathing a note of warning to the tropical torpor of the forest. For these same trees can be tossed like toys in the grip of that dread, elemental force—the hurricane.

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Once more I am in the forest, but to-day the brilliant sunshine is gone, and a tropical rain-storm, which lasts for hours, has overtaken us on our pilgrimage to Vailima.* We drive in the most primitive little buggy I think I have ever seen, and Emmy, the diminutive mare who draws the buggy, is, I fear, in the last stages of consumption. I would add "galloping" consumption, except that Emmy cannot gallop. She is far too tired. She is so attenuated, and so pathetically young for her harness, that she has to have her loins re-girded and her tail re-hitched every few minutes of the way ; but in spite of these welcome rests, almost dies from heart-failure on the steep ascent to the house.

This is indeed another aspect of Samoa, and one that by reason of the intense, humid heat, well-nigh takes away the zest of living ; but what matter ? At Vailima I forget all else save the spirit of Stevenson, which still seems to shed its sunshine over all. Our guide's face lights up, recounting to us anecdotes of the endeared *Tusitala*, and his kind hospitality to the Samoan ; and dimly through the teeming torrents of rain we see the dark outline of the hill which has claimed his mortal body for its own.

It is impossible to complete the pilgrimage to the tomb. We are already drenched to the skin, and Emmy the emaciated, whom

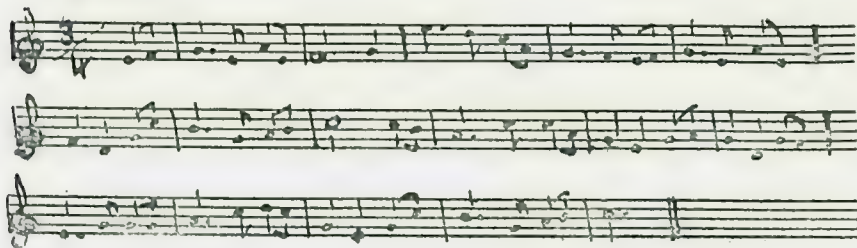
* As the reader probably knows—Stevenson's home. Pronounce, Vi-lee'-ma.

we catch a glimpse of at the gate, sunk in hopeless reverie, must be roused to take us back to the shore. Happily, the rest has induced a slight rally in her condition, and she now jogs down the hill quite briskly, stopping, of course, many times for urgent readjustments; and we sit behind her in delightfully refreshing pools of water, and meditate on the dangers of those that go down to the forest in buggies. Our guide invites us to go to his hut to drink cocoa-nut juice, but, no thanks!—we must get back to the ship! What does he know about civilised clothes that cling?

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We are departing from Samoa. The brilliant afternoon sky overhead; the gaily-dressed natives coming out to say farewell to the ship, or to any chance friend bound for some of the other islands; and the countless bouquets of hectic, tropical flowers which, are being lavished upon a lady who has done infinite good among the half-castes, and who is now returning to her distant home; all these incidentals serve to raise the scene to one passionate expression of colour, which ravishes thought and acts like incense on the imagination. Presently, in an enormous war canoe manned by eighteen natives, come the half-castes, and cluster round their friend with many expressions of sorrow at her departure. What is the song they are singing to her? Let me listen.

Moderato



I cannot understand the Samoan words, but as verse after verse is sung in tuneful harmony, one or two half-castes who are coming with us, weep as if their hearts are breaking, and I doubt if any of us feel quite strong enough to go and comfort them! But evening approaches and all visitors must now disembark; the anchor is raised, and we begin slowly and silently to steam out of the bay; and the sun goes down like a ball

of fire to the horizon. Sub-consciously I memorise the whole poignant beauty of the scene ; while the dying cadences of the farewell song still rise and fall upon the water. I look round for the broken-hearted Samoans, but they have disappeared ; and the darkness comes up quickly and stealthily from the east. Ah ! indeed it is farewell at last. All is so still—" too full for sound and foam "—and dreamily I go below.

Until we meet again, fair scenes, good-bye ! good-night !

HELEN BOYD

Sunshine after Rain

I love to remember
That day in September,
The clouds fled at last from the
 westerly breeze :
The pine woods all sunny,
The air sweet as honey,
A low varied murmur of small
 birds and bees.
The harebells and heather,
All tangled together,
Wove tapestries blended, pink, purple
 and blue :
The gorse, clustered thickly,
No longer was prickly,
But sheathed in soft spider webs
 beaded with dew.
The late garden flowers,
All pale from the showers,
Yet smiled through their tears in
 the warm mellow ray ;
And a sense of sweet leisure
And holiday pleasure,
Stole over my thoughts on that
 sunshiny day.

Reviews

*"I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move.
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!
 Come my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world."*—TENNYSON.

One of the most important Musical publishing developments of recent years is a new series of Unison and Part Songs inaugurated by the Year Book Press.* The whole aim and object of the series is to introduce words and music of a healthy and invigorating tone, specially selected and written for the use of schools. There is a great difficulty at present in choosing from the mass of published part songs something which shall be original and easy without being either indifferent or hackneyed. The new series meets this need directly and specifically.

The publishers have been exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of Mr Martin Akerman, of St. George's School, Windsor Castle, as Musical Editor of the series. His knowledge of part song writing and vocal requirements, with his keen sense of discrimination, fit him pre-eminently for the post.

It is quite impossible to select for special mention particular numbers out of the score or more already published, but amongst the composers who have already written or who have promised to write are Mr A. E. Baker, Dr Percy Buck, Sir Frederick Bridge, Dr H. Walford Davies, Miss Emily Daymond, Mr T. F. Dunhill, Mr Goodhart, Dr Basil Harwood, Dr C. H. Lloyd, Mr Tertius Noble, Sir Chas. Stanford, Sir Walter Parratt, Sir Hubert Parry, Dr A. J. Silver, Dr Charles Wood and the Editor of the series, with others.

If ever a series started with promise it is this one, and most heartily we wish the Editor and Publishers success in their venture.

Another production of the Year Book Press which we have received for review is a Series of Seven Musical Plays for Boys and Girls, the music for which has been written by Sir Walter Parratt and Mr

* The Year Book Press (c/o Sonnenschein) Series of Unison and Part Songs, 25 High Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.

Martin Akerman.* The Year Book Press has a happy knack of doing acceptable things in an acceptable way. This is, no doubt, largely due to the choice of suitable workers, but whatever the cause, the results are invariably highly meritorious, and this series of plays is no exception. The plays are written by Mr F. Maynard Bridge, and are definitely intended for quite young people. There is no cheap, vulgar sentiment, but each one is bright, sensible and wholesome, with plenty of go. The music is not too difficult, it is well within ordinary compass and in particular there is not too much of it. If desirable the plays can be performed quite as well without any music at all. We most sincerely recommend the series to any who may be concerned with juveniles' recreation and music in schools and elsewhere.

* The 'St. George's, Windsor,' Series of Plays for Boys and Girls, The Year Book Press (c/o Sonnenschein) 25, High Street, Bloomsbury, London, W.C.

How to Play the Piano

"The self-devotion of genius manifesting itself in action."—J. C. & A. W. HARE

When the Editor of the R.C.M. Magazine asked me to write this article, I at first demurred, feeling doubtful whether it would not seem to smack of self-advertisement, a thing quite foreign to my nature; he has assured me, however, that nobody reading it would dream of any such thing, so I have consented to let these few words be published for the benefit of those who may presumptuously aspire to follow in my footsteps along that hard and stony track to the Parnassian heights.

It is said of most professions that there is always room at the top, but to the musical profession this does not apply. The topmost place is filled. Below this comes a wide and sparsely-peopled area which can only be attained by those of consummate genius and great physical strength, and I would never recommend anyone, however gifted, to follow so exacting a life. If you have consummate genius apply it to company-promoting, or some other paying pursuit. If you have great physical strength become a furniture-remover or a footballer, but leave the piano alone.

People say that the huge audiences which I attract come solely to ascertain whether I have had my hair cut since last time, but they

are mistaken. If it were so, would not the continual disappointment have quenched their enthusiasm? No. They are attracted by my personality.

Now those who have no personality invariably try to supply the deficiency by a superabundance of hair. But the one is useless without the other. Hair alone will never attract, though it may astonish. In my case the combination is ideal: Personality and hair.

Granted these gifts to start with, the next step is to go in for a thorough course of gymnastics; indeed, this is indispensable to ultimate success. And here I cannot over-estimate the value of the interesting Japanese sport of Jiu-jitsu as applied to pianoforte technique, for in many respects the piano resembles a human antagonist. I myself have broken more strings by this method than by any other, and with less trouble too; while the iron rigidity imparted to the thumb by certain of the exercises is most helpful in bringing out a melody. After the course of gymnastics the earnest student should set to work to cultivate personal charm as far as possible, and here a few hints may not be wasted. A lock of hair which persistently falls into the right eye and has to be periodically tossed back, is a sure draw. Then he (or she) must learn the use of the bow and smile. The bow consists of a slight inclination of the head to the extent of not more than three to three and a quarter inches, and should be given with great deliberation. The smile does not take place until the third recall and must be carefully rehearsed and sparingly used, or it will easily become trivial and worthless, or in some cases may alarm the audience. The applauding public does not value a smile that it does not have to work hard for. It should consist of a slight lateral expansion of the mouth, without any parting of the lips, unless you have exceptionally expensive teeth, as I have. It should be given in a manner which I can best liken to that of a sick man politely amused at a very indifferent joke; with weary tolerance, in fact.

After this the question of dress must be considered, and especially the necktie, which is really the only vital point. This should consist of a gigantic flopping bow, preferably spotted, and must be laid out to catch the eye immediately after the hair. It must

also be tied in a suitably *négligé* fashion, and this demands much practice and patience. A good plan is to study the appearance of some first-class pianist and model your style on his. I do not recommend my own, as it is unique, and so daring as to be fatal in any person of inferior genius.

This having been mastered, the student may now pass on to actual work at the piano with the view to cultivating enormous technique, which is the fourth requisite for pianist who would rise above the crowd. A first class performer must therefore possess 1. Personality. 2. Hair. 3. Charm (including bow, smile and necktie.) and 4. Enormous technique. This last subject is so vast that I cannot do more than touch briefly upon its main points. Technique consists broadly of three things: 1. Speed of blow. 2. Application of weight or force, and 3. Gesticulation. For the cultivation of all three there is nothing better than the good old English pastime of boxing. This should be studied first without and then with a piano, and much useful work may be done with the many makes of silent piano now on the market. I myself smash three a week all to atoms, and have done more at times, but no doubt the beginner would experience some difficulty in accomplishing such technical feats. Besides, the habit is rather expensive, and untill you can command colossal fees this might prove rather a drawback to some. The Knock-out blow should be diligently practised, as this is most effective in terrific climaxes, final chords, etc., and may sometimes be employed for *sforzando*; though it is rarely effective twice in one piece unless there is a spare piano handy. A charming effect can also be obtained in certain passages by placing the left arm longitudinally upon the Keyboard and administering the knock-out blow with the right, or vice-versá; though careful judgment must be exercised in choosing suitable occasions for this, and needless to say it must not be abused. Some may object to this on the ground that it is tampering with the composer's text, but I maintain that it is perfectly justifiable to invest the work with one's own individuality in any way.

Then there is the extreme antithesis of this, *i.e.* the fairy-like touch which is so much admired in my playing. This, though

in the main a gift, can be cultivated to a considerable extent, and vastly improved, by practising upon a patent keyboard I have invented with hot keys. The price is very resonable, and I would strongly recommend every earnest student to procure one without delay. Preliminary exercises for this touch may be done on the kitchen stove.

There are various other methods of touch which demand attention, one in particular being the use of the bouncing fist, the importance of which is much under-rated by many great players, though I myself employ it freely, and with beautiful effect. Also there is a method of giving startling prominence to a single note, which consists in rendering the whole arm absolutely rigid from shoulder to knuckle, then rising slightly from the seat and dropping the whole weight of the body perpendicularly upon the note. I once had a nasty accident through this method when giving a recital in the Fiji Islands, where I was testing a piano of local make. My arm going clean through the keyboard, I was precipitated forward with extreme violence, and did not recover for some days. I also remember striking a piano off and partly through the platform in Eastern Nigeria when employing the knock-out blow with both hands simultaneously. I now take my own pianos with me, a special make consisting chiefly of stout iron girders.

I must now add a few words on the subject of gesticulation, which is the only method of successfully demonstrating one's genius to the masses. A safe rule is to keep the hands as far from the keys as possible when they are not actually in contact with them. Here again the hot keyboard is invaluable. Next to this comes the rolling head. This consists of a rotary movement alternately towards and away from the piano, and should only be employed for expressive passages. The head is managed differently in vigorous music, the most effective use of it then being a series of terrific backward jerks with each accent, provided one is careful not to dislocate the neck. Another good device is to assume an attitude of listening intently when playing *pianissimo*. Then, if as sometimes happens the note does not sound at all, one merely proceeds with a smile of

satisfaction, and the spellbound audience imagines that the sound of their breathing or of their whiskers growing drowned that of the piano, and sighs 'Wonderful!' Some players cultivate an attitude of complete and stolid indifference in order to give the impression of great ease in surmounting difficulties, but this is invariably disappointing to the public. Shutting the eyes, however, is a capital device, though somewhat risky, but be sure your audience can see that you do it.

I had intended to include in this article a few more anecdotes from my personal experiences, but space forbids. I will therefore wind up with an explanation of my greatness, and why it is that I stand so far ahead of any other player, living or dead, and why nobody can hope to approach me. It is my modesty that is the secret of success, for there can be no true greatness without it. Let not the student seek self-glorification or worldly fame, which are vain, ephemeral phantasmagoria that melt to nothing in the grasp. No! Let him do as I have done: insist upon hard cash in advance, and see that he gets it, too!

MACARONI THUMPENHOFF

The Term's Awards

"We are much bound to them that do succeed."—JEAN INGELow.

The following awards were made at the close of the Christmas Term, 1908

COUNCIL EXHIBITIONS (£50)—

Rebecca T. Clarke	(Composition)	£20	0	0
Sidney C. Bostock	} (Violin)	£20	0	0
Violet T. M. T. Pearce		£10	0	0

THE DOVE PRIZE (value £13)—

Ellen C. Edwards (Pringle Scholar).

THE LEO STERN MEMORIAL GIFT FOR 'CELLISTS (value £5 5s)—

Timothy Toomey (Scholar).

THE LESLEY ALEXANDER GIFT (value £15 15s)—

Ellen M. Bartlett ('Cello).

THE ASSOCIATED BOARD EXHIBITIONS this term were awarded to—

Cecil E. Lascelles	(Piano).
Florence Mellors	(Singing).
Marguerite Torckler	('Cello).

THE A.B. EXHIBITIONS held by Emmie Gregory (Piano), Nellie W. Thom (Violin), and Greta C. West (Singing), have been renewed for one year.

The R.C.M. Magazine

"I live remote

From evil speaking; rancour, never sought,

Comes to me not; malignant truth, or lie.

Hence have I genial seasons, hence have I

Smooth passions, smooth discourse, and joyous thought."—WORDSWORTH.

We have to call attention to a change in the price at which subscribers to the Magazine can obtain the annual binding from the printers. Previously a reduction was made from 2/6 to 1/6, but this price has been found inadequate by the binders, and will henceforth be 2/-. We may take the opportunity of repeating that those desirous of obtaining the special binding must send their own Magazines, a complete volume (3 numbers) with a postal order for 2/ to

JOHN BELLOWS, EASTGATE, GLOUCESTER.

The price includes return postage, and, as soon as possible, the binders will return the bound Magazines to the owner. On no account must the Magazines be sent to the Editor or Secretary of the Magazine.

DATES FOR 1909.

OPEN SCHOLARSHIP EXAMINATION.

Last day for receiving application forms	Monday	Dec. 21, 1908
Preliminary Local Examinations	Wednesday	January 27
Final Examination at College	about Wednesday	February 10

A.R.C.M. EXAMINATION.

Last day for receiving application forms	March	3
Examination begins	Monday	April 19

EASTER TERM.

Entrance Examination	Thursday	January 7
Term begins	Monday	" 11
Half Term enter	Thursday	February 18
" leave	Saturday	" 20
Term ends	Saturday	April 3

MIDSUMMER TERM.

Entrance Examination	Monday	May 3
Term begins	Thursday	June 17
Half Term begins	Thursday	" 17
Term ends	Wednesday	July 28

CHRISTMAS TERM.

Entrance Examination	Thursday	September 23
Term begins	Monday	" 27
Half Term begins	Monday	November 8
Term ends	Saturday	December 18